

ULTIMATE

X  
M E N

ISSUE

17

WORLD TOUR: PART 2



MARVEL

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KUBERT  
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Adam Kubert  
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DIRECT EDITION

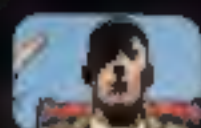


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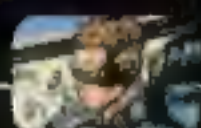
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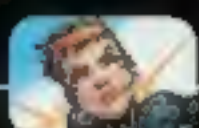




Professor X



Cyclops



Marvel Girl



Storm



Wolverine



Iceman



Beast



Colossus

S t a n d e p r e s e n t s

# ULTIMATE X-MEN



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# PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Professor Charles Xavier brought them together to bridge the gap between man and mutant: Cyclops, Marvel Girl, Storm, Iceman, Beast, Colossus, Wolverine. They are The X-Men, soldiers for Xavier's dream of peaceful coexistence. But now this dream must slowly be forged into reality.

While visiting London as part of Xavier's book tour, the X-Men have been using their powers to fight crime and save lives. While pleased with the end results, Xavier reprimands his students for their heavy-handed tactics. Their spirits are further dampened when the X-Men experience an anti-mutant protest outside one of Xavier's lectures. Seemingly rattled by the sentiments of hatred expressed by the crowd, Colossus disappears... and his timing couldn't be worse as Xavier learns his son, the evil mutant Proteus, has escaped!







Muir Island isn't a million miles from the Arctic Circle, Storm. The average temperature at this time of year is minus ten and the average day lasts around five hours.

If you're looking for Highland Tours and Edinburgh Rock, I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place, dear.

Where are the rest of you, incidentally? I thought Charles said he was feeding and clothing seven little X-Men now.

Cyclops and Marvel Girl are in Russia, Doctor MacTaggart. The Professor thinks Colossus might have been kidnapped and they've both been assigned to bring him home.

It's a pleasure to meet you, by the way.



Not under these circumstances, it isn't. What's wrong with your beloved mentor anyway, Beast? Is he jet-lagged?

No, just conducting a psychic search for your missing son, Ma'am. In astral form, the Professor can cover ground at a little over mach three.



Really? Well, that's more concern than he ever showed for the boy when we were married, young man.

To be honest, I thought he'd have relished the opportunity to crow about me losing him.





You know, I still can't get my head around the idea that the Professor had a wife and kid he never told us about, never mind this other school in the middle of nowhere.

Oh, nobody knows what's going on in Charlie's head, Iceman. Even after fifteen years of marriage, I felt like I was only scratching at the surface.

As for this place; well, it's actually a few months older than the New York operation, although our mutants here are more like patients than students, as you can see for yourselves.



The people who fund Charles' work hope that some of them will graduate to the Westchester facility, of course, but I'm afraid that's still a long way off for even the best of them.

What do you mean the people who fund his work? Xavier told us he paid for the school, the planes and all the other stuff out of the money his parents left him.



Really? Well, that must have been quite an inheritance, Storm.




Who did he tell you his mother and father were? Bill and Melinda Gates?

Listen, why don't you just fill us in on whatever we need to know to bring this kid of yours back safely, Doc?







What can I say, Wolverine? David was just your typical, little boy when Charles and I were together-- average size, average intellect, a devoted *Glasgow Rangers* fan.

"Of course, we always *knew* he was carrying the X-gene, but his powers didn't actually manifest until the day after his father left and our lives were thrown into *turmoil*.

"As far as we could ascertain, David had a very limited control of the matter around his person, but even the *slightest* use of these abilities had a devastating effect on his physical body.

"My son would have been dead in a week if we hadn't kept him sedated on *Haloperidol* all these years and locked him in a lab where we could monitor him carefully.

"Why he started to convulse again last night, I still can't say, but I doubt it's a coincidence that his father was back in Britain with his nice, little *surrogate* family.

"Unfortunately, this convulsion turned out to be the *fatal* one and he'd have died right there on the operating table if he hadn't jumped into poor Isobel MacLinden."





Jumped?

Yes; transferred his consciousness from his mind into here. I'm sorry, Wolverine. Could you give me a moment? This only just happened last night and it's all still very raw.

Well, according to Cerebro, your son's managed a further three jumps since he escaped from the compound, Doctor.

He's currently somewhere in the *Granplan* region, but we should have this narrowed down to the nearest square mile inside sixty to ninety minutes.

Oh, pardon my manners. X-Men, I'd like you to meet S.T.R.I.K.E. Agent Pal Thomas and Colonel Betsy Braddock of Pal- Division.

No need to introduce Henry McCoy, Doctor MacTaggart. I've read his S.T.R.I.K.E. file in great detail and, believe me, he looks even more magnificent when you meet him in person.

Who the heck are S.T.R.I.K.E.?

The British division of the espionage agency S.H.I.E.L.D., young Iceman. Just imagine me as a kind of real-life, Welsh James Bond and you're halfway there, eh?

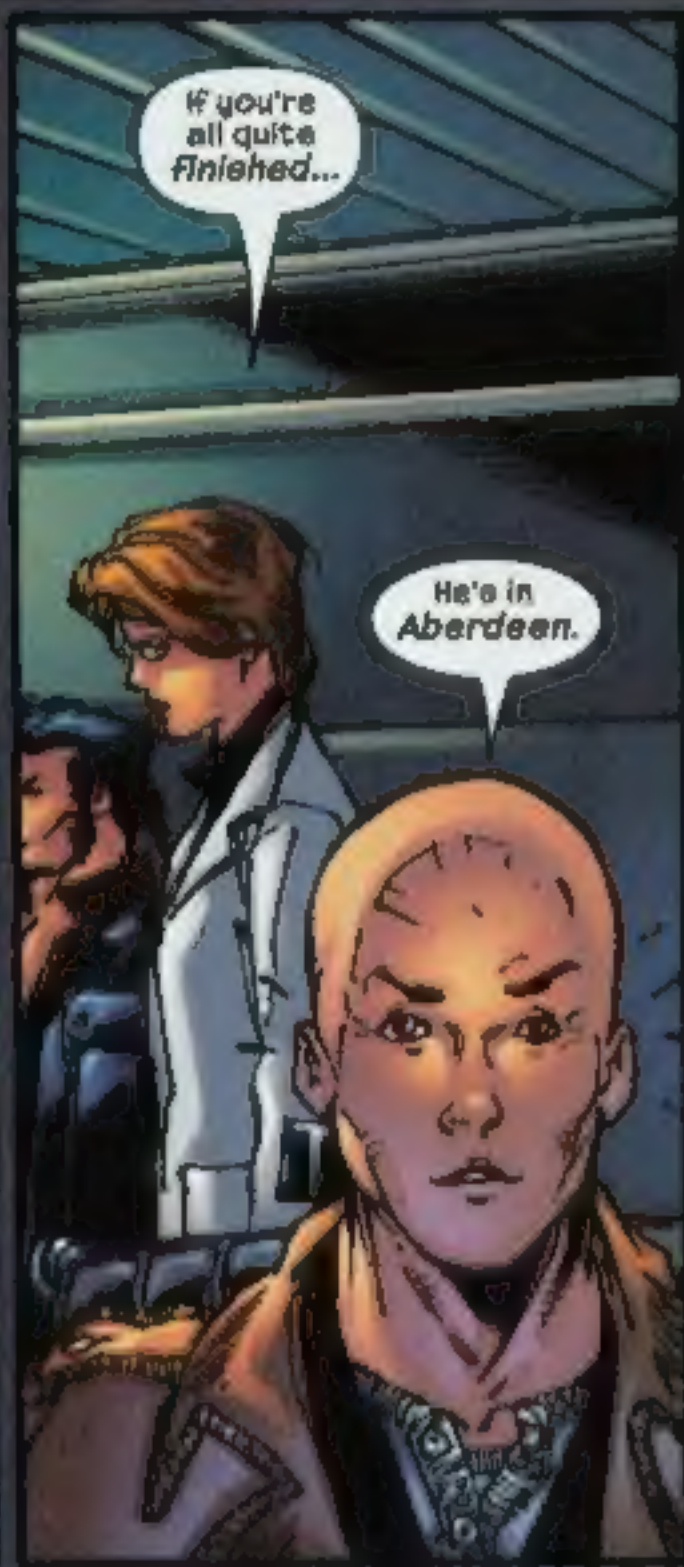
What the heck are the Welsh?





A quaint, little people just west of England, I mean. Picture the Scots without the sex appeal or the Irish without the laughs and you've pretty much got them nailed.

Very bloody amusing, I don't think, Agent Braddock.



If you're all quite finished...

He's in Aberdeen.



What?

David is on foot and eight miles outside the city of Aberdeen on the A90 motorway, people. If we leave now, I'll be close enough to subdue him before he reaches the city center.



Right.

Hello again, Moira.



Hello, Charles.



# Aberdeen:



...the K-14 vessel, carrying a crew of sixty-nine Russian sailors, is trapped fifteen miles from the coast of Murmansk, but rescue workers are said to be cautiously optimistic.

Holy Mother of God! That's just like that submarine disaster a couple of years ago, isn't it? When did this all happen, Graham?



Last night, Morsg. It was all over the papers this morning.

They're saying it's going to happen again and again too because all the Russian's Cold War stock is absolutely falling to...



Two cheeseburgers, a large fries, a big ice cream with the hundred and thousands of toppings and a...

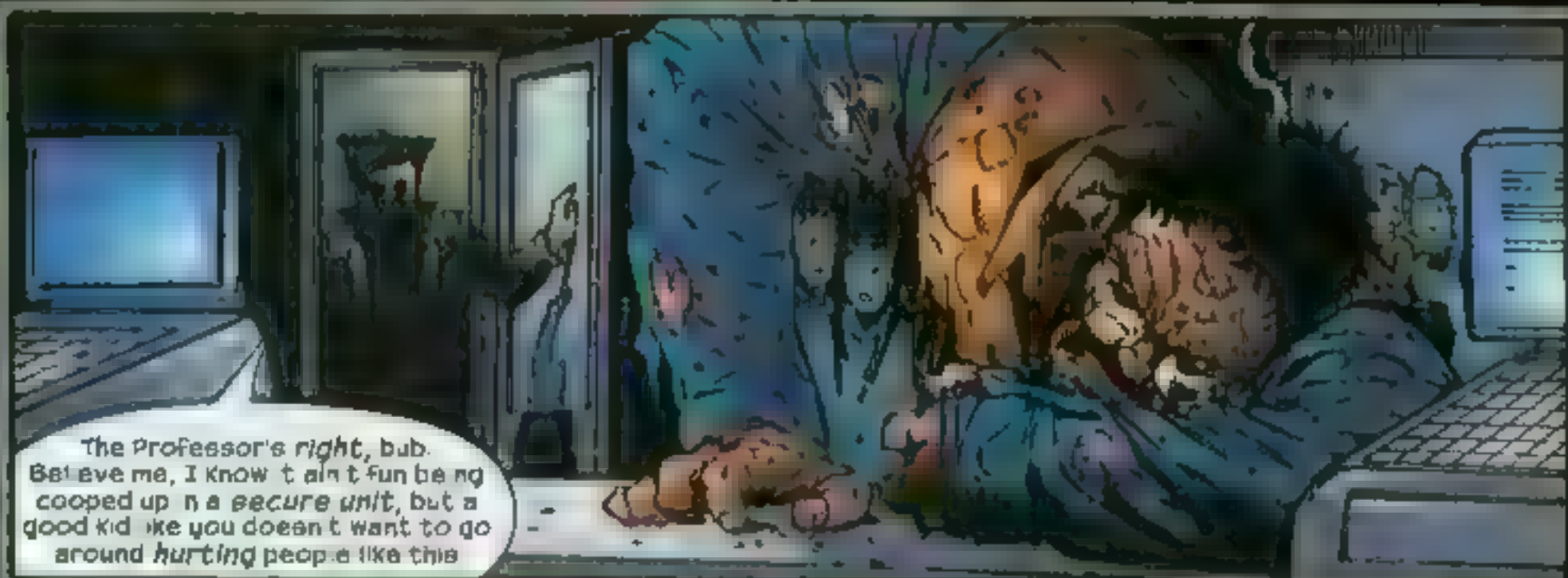
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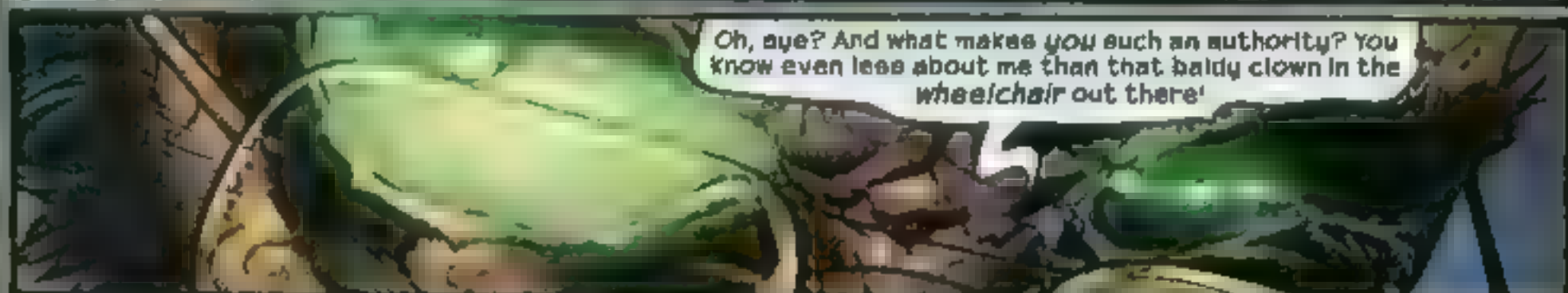








The Professor's right, bub. Believe me, I know it ain't fun being cooped up in a secure unit, but a good kid like you doesn't want to go around hurting people like this



Oh, aye? And what makes you such an authority? You know even less about me than that baldy clown in the wheelchair out there!



Professor!



LINGH!




For your information, hurting people is just about the only laughs I get these days.

HAHA!










One great  
big, bloody  
headache.

**!THRUNK!**

An adamantium  
skeleton? A healing  
factor that regrows  
soft tissue as fast as  
I can burn it up?

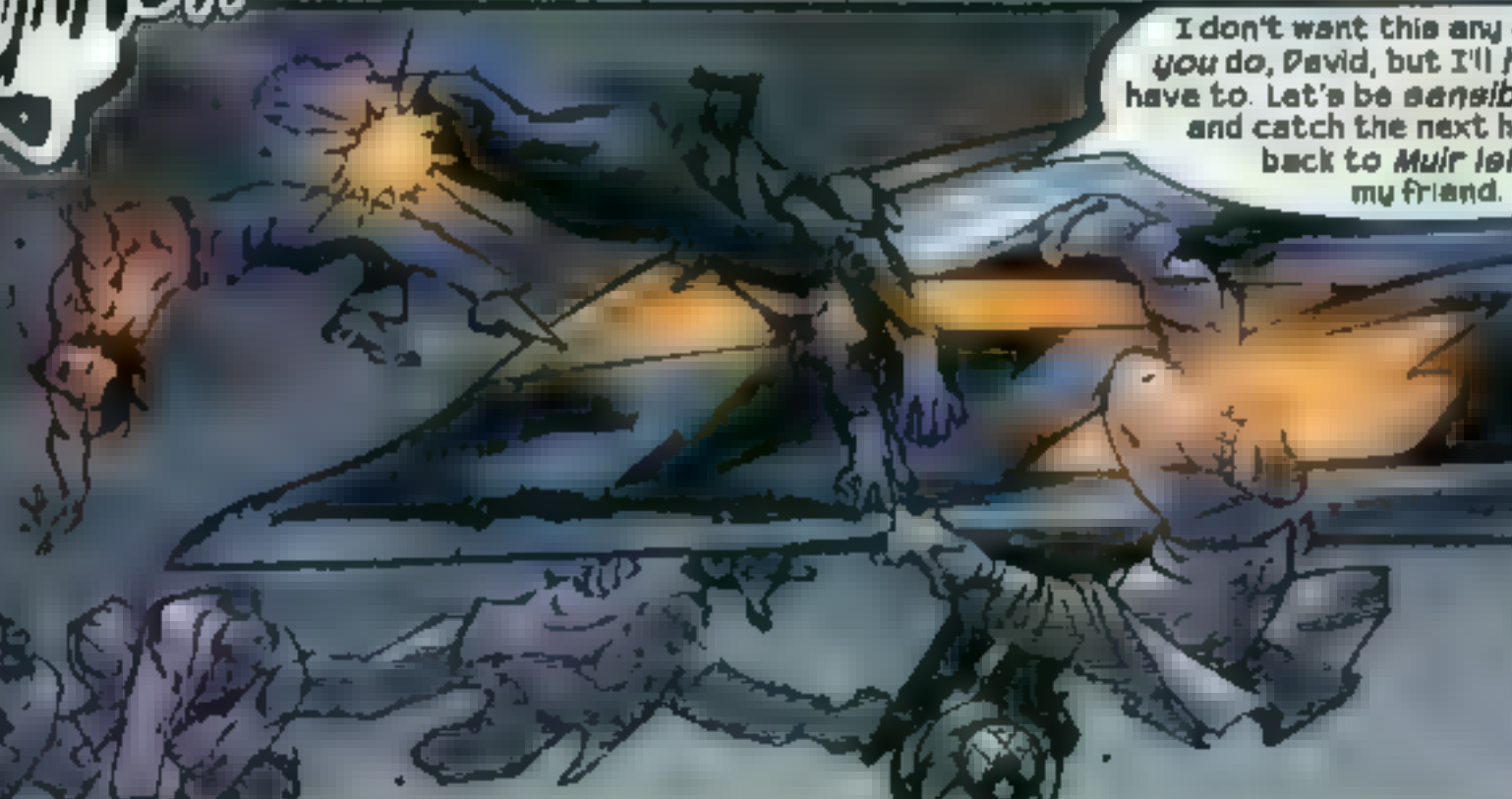
I think I've  
just found my  
new home, Mum  
and Dad



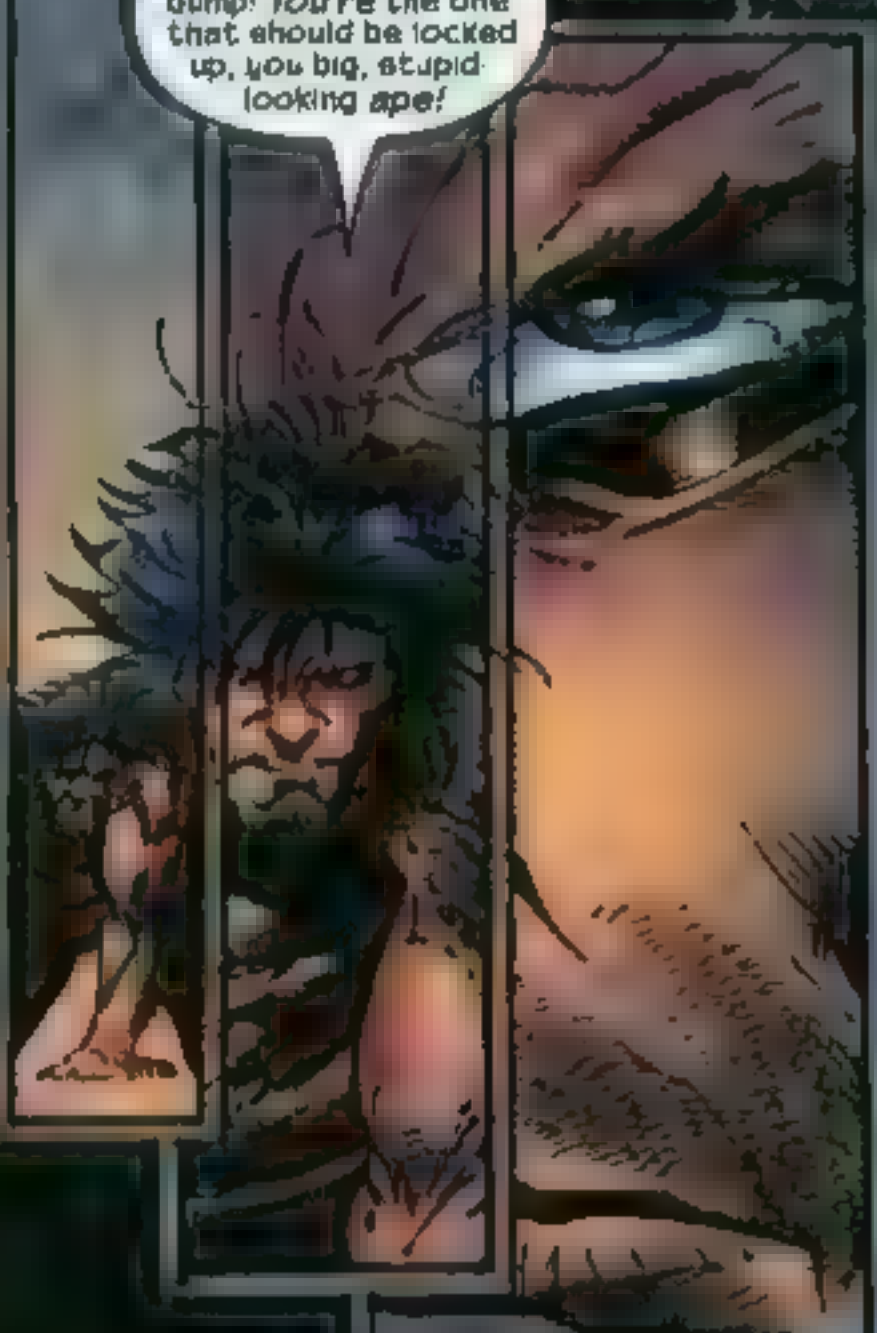


Listen up! If Xavier's down, I'm assuming temporary leadership, people. Iceman; you're up next. Storm and Betsy, you're covering Iceman.


UNNEH!



I don't want this any more than you do, David, but I'll hurt you if I have to. Let's be sensible about this and catch the next helicopter back to Muir Island, my friend.



I'm not going back to that bloody dump! You're the one that should be locked up, you big, stupid-looking ape!



Recognize your old pals, Beast? These are the boys who used to make your life a misery on the way home from school every day, mate. What was it they used to call you again?

Monkey boy? Joe Bananas? Man, Storm should be arrested for even giving you a second look, freak show!

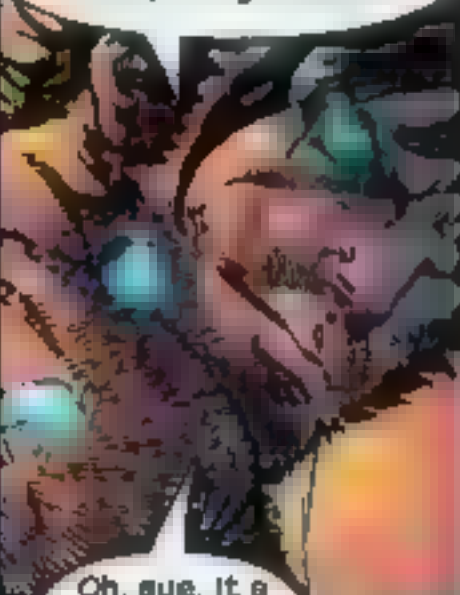
Oh my God!



LEAVE HIM  
ALONE, YOU  
JERK!

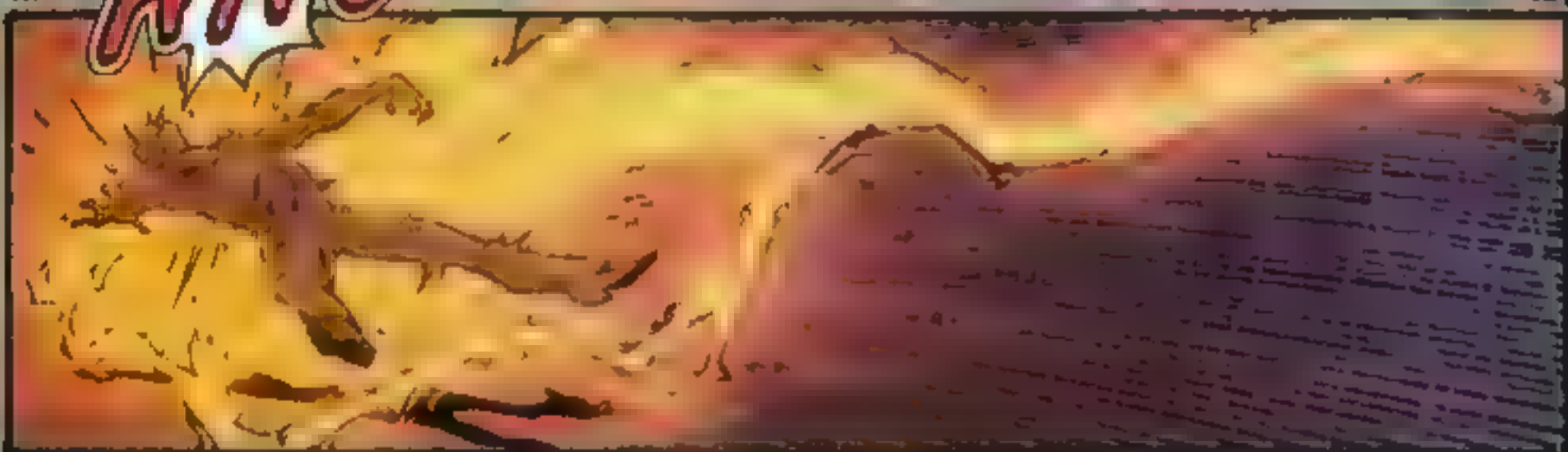


Speaking of Storm, here's  
the boy who cries himself to  
sleep every night over his  
best pal's girlfriend.



Oh, eye. It's  
amazing what  
you find in the  
recesses of the  
human mind,  
Iceman.

I mean, who'd  
have thought that a  
big boy like you would get it  
wet the bed sometimes  
when you dream about that  
fight with Magneto and  
The Brotherhood,  
eh?





Storm, get hit you with a lightning bolt, David, quite pleasant compared to what's coming up next, though

I've never had a psychic grenade tossed into my brain before, but my ex couldn't talk for a week one time when I hit him with just a tiny, little one.



AAAAAGH!!



What in God's name was that?

You witch! You bloody evil witch! I'm going to break every bone in your body for that, you cow!

Not tonight you're not, mate. You're sick, you're tired and you're getting a bit wobbly on your feet, to be honest



You're going back to your sickbed, young man.







Not a chance.

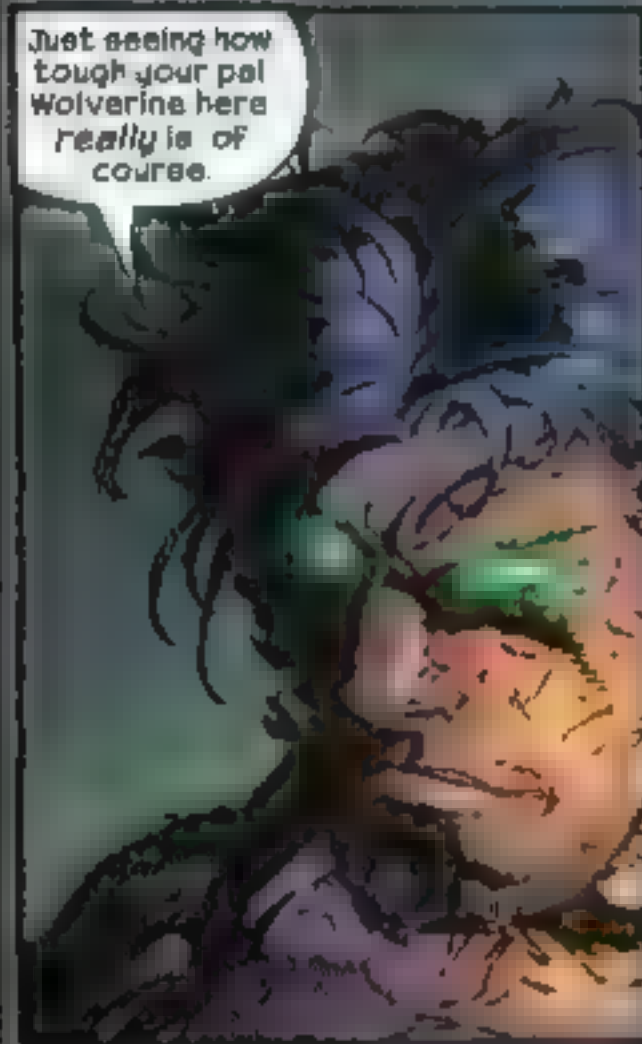


David please! You're going to die if you don't stop using your powers like this! Your body's going to burn up!



UNNE! One thing the world isn't short of is bodies, Mum.

David! What are you doing?



Just seeing how tough your pal Wolverine here really is of course.



Rodney's BOOKS



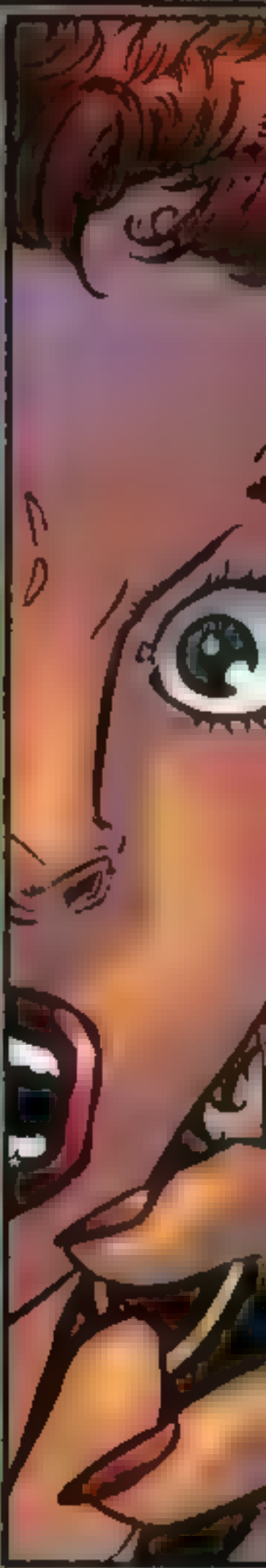
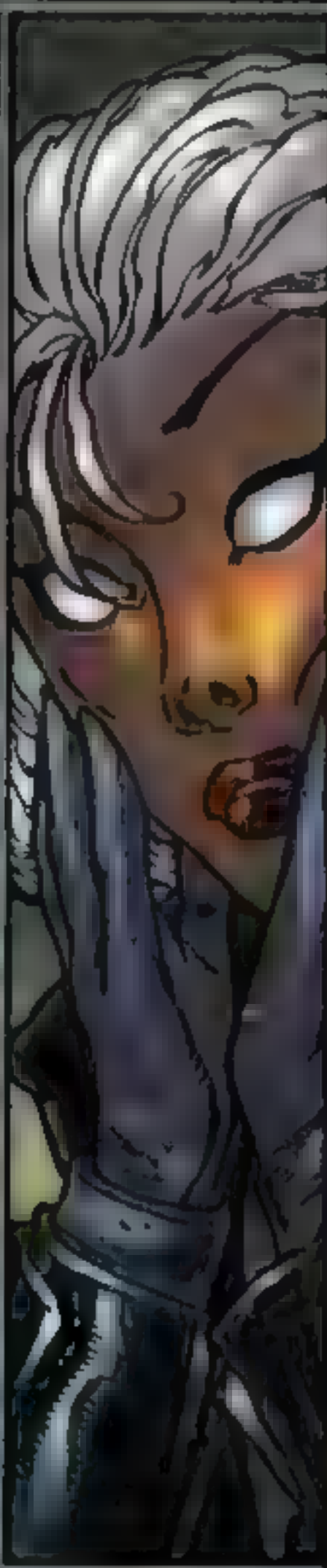
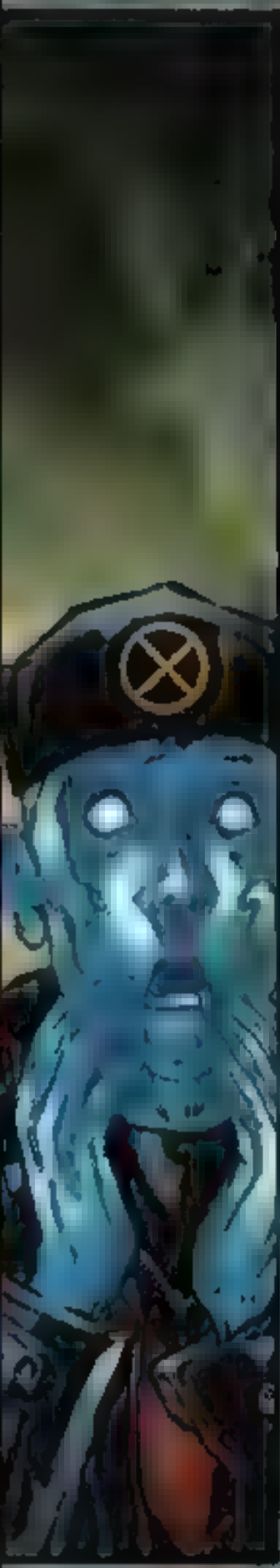


WOLVERINE





WE!





# Saint Petersburg:

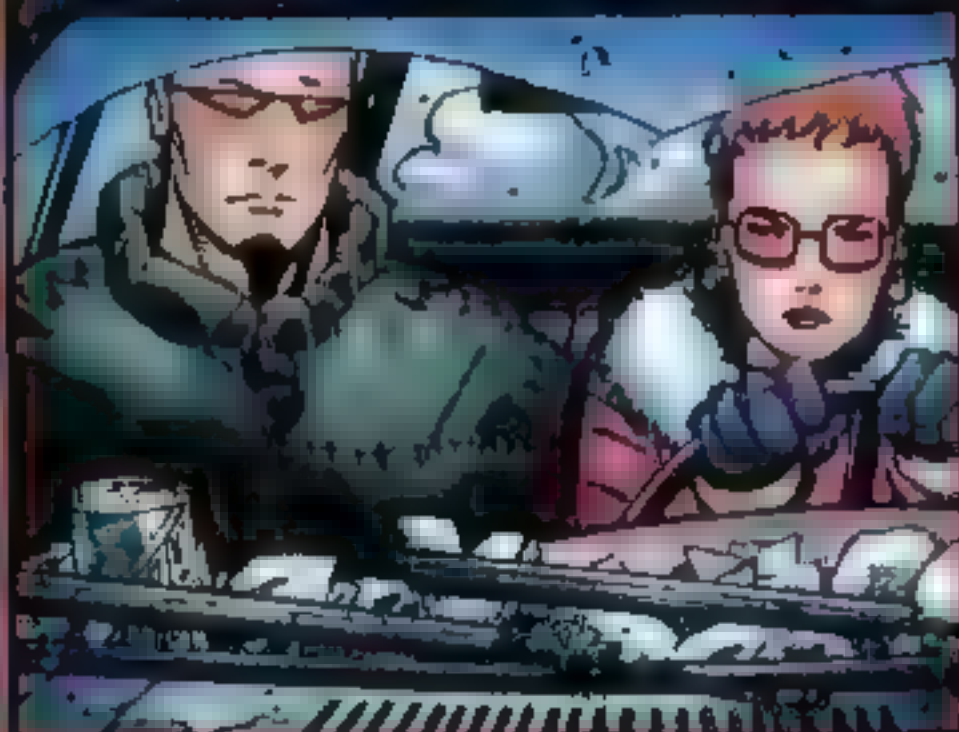
Do you really think it was a good idea heading to Russia right now, Jean? Suppose they're needing us back there?

Oh, don't be silly, Scott. So another teenager's having trouble with his mutant abilities. What's the worst that could happen?



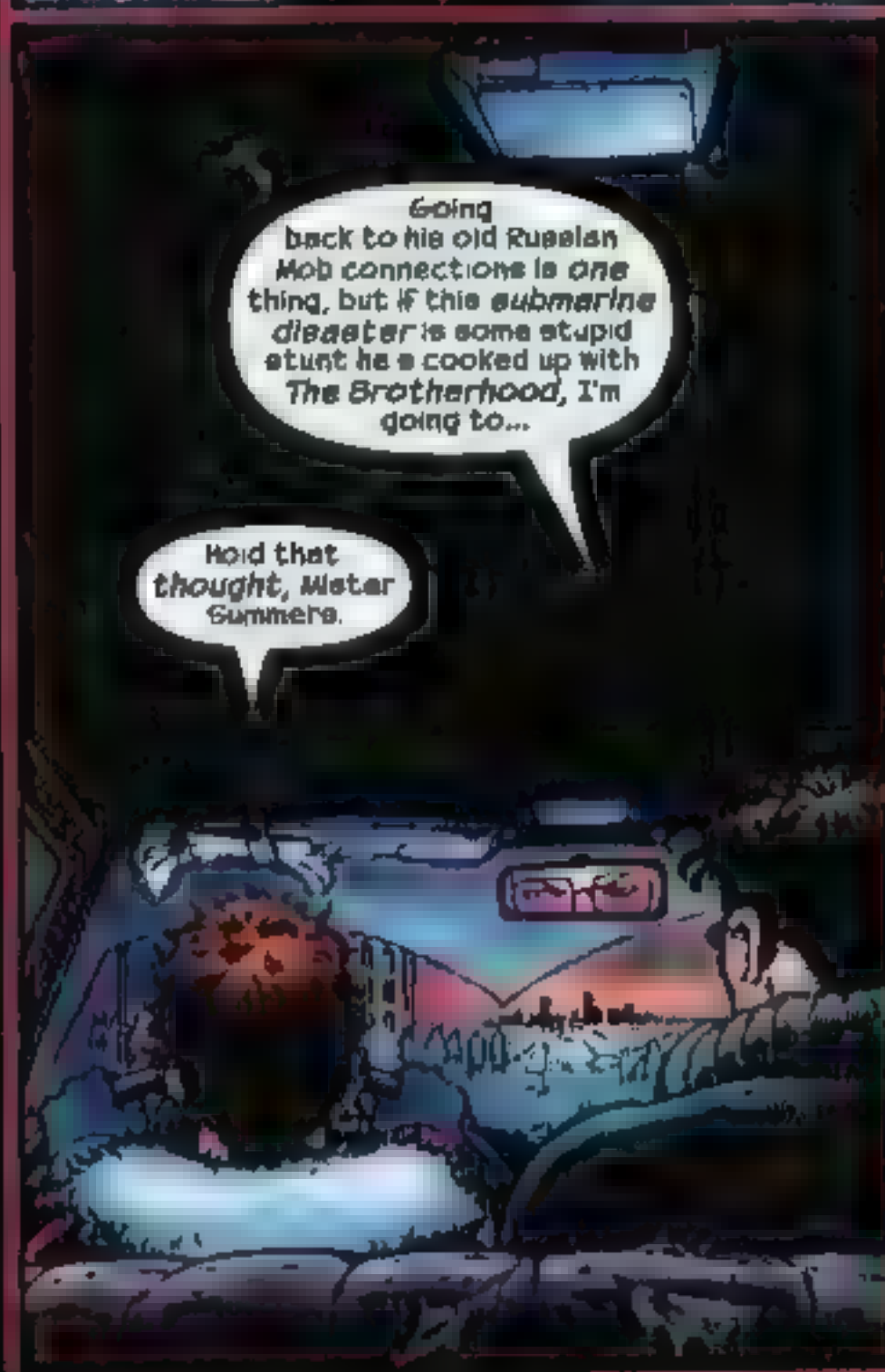
Besides, the Professor and I both had the same gut feeling that finding Colossus was essential to whatever comes next and it's highly unlikely we're both off the mark, right?

I just hope he's got nothing to do with this sub going down near the White Sea. I'll kill him if he was behind the thing.



Going back to his old Russian Mob connections is one thing, but if this submarine disaster is some stupid stunt he's cooked up with The Brotherhood, I'm going to...

Hold that thought, Mister Summers.



That psychic vapor trail I've been following has just got so pungent I think I'm going to gag.

Colossus must be standing within a half mile radius of the car.







I still can't believe Wolverine volunteered me for this mission. I thought he'd have jumped at the chance of a few days on his own with you in the middle of nowhere.

Not anymore, he wouldn't.



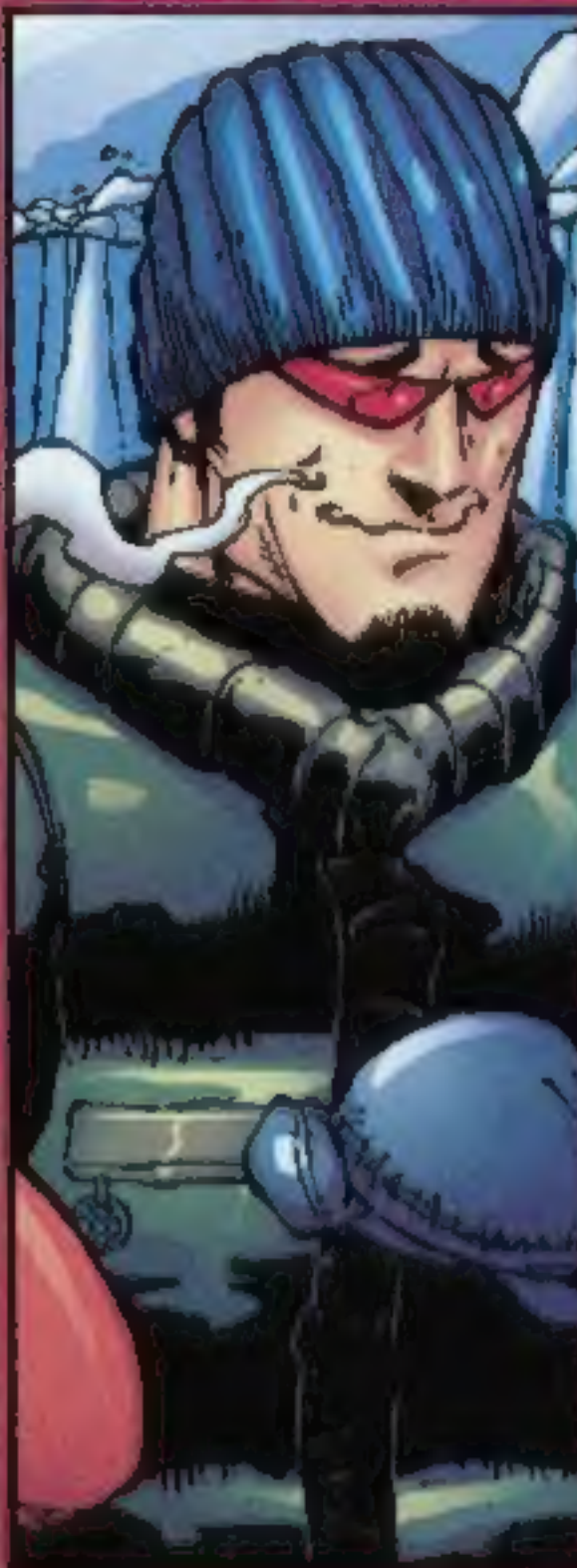
According to Storm, Wolverine thinks he really wronged me when he first joined the team and now he's just hanging around to protect me like some kind of noble Samurai.

You mean he's given up the chase? There's nothing going on between you two anymore?



Nope. Absolutely nada. I'm a free-wheeling single girl reveling in her status as footloose and fancy-free, Mister Summers.

One hundred percent available and open to offers from eligible single men.



You know, sometimes I swear those ruby quartz sunglasses have absolutely blinded you, Scott.

Hey! There he is--







Oh no.



Thank God you're okay, Peter.

Why the heck did you disappear like that, man? Everybody thought you'd been kidnapped or something.

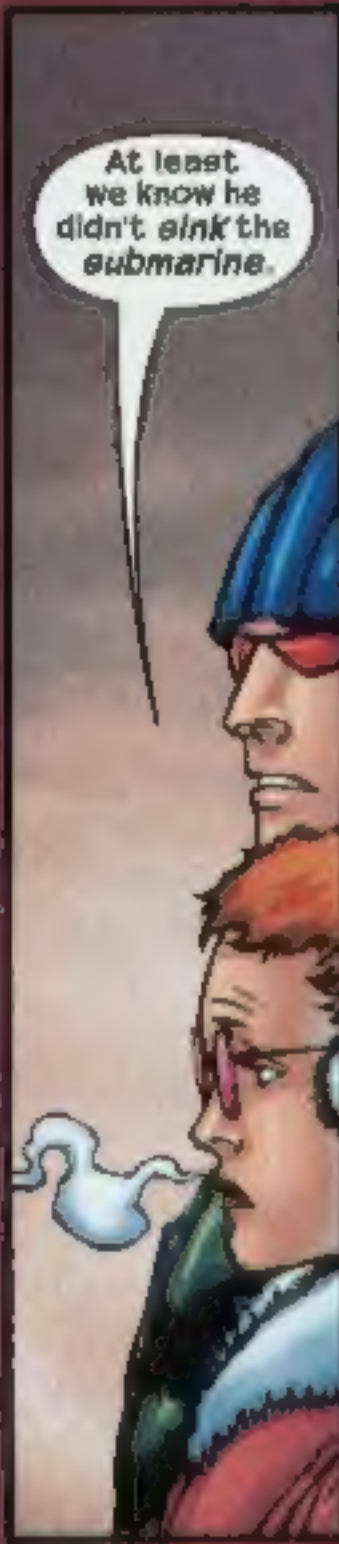


I left because I am tired of being ignored, tired of being underappreciated and tired of Xavier's insane pacifist ideas, Cyclope.



Now get lost, eh?

Some of us have real jobs to go to.



At least we know he didn't sink the submarine.





Betsy, it's  
Dai. What's the  
situation down  
there?

What do you think?  
A total bloody mess.  
He drove the truck off  
the side of the bridge  
and created a pile-up  
going back five miles  
towards Dundee.

He could be anywhere now, Dai.  
Anywhere or anyone and my head's  
too garbled to put a psychic  
trace on him. How do we find  
the little swine now?



To be honest, I  
don't think finding him's  
going to be much of a problem.  
Just organize the rescue teams  
and give yourself a pat on the  
back, Betsy. You did a great  
job back there, love.

Now give me  
some good news,  
lads. Is Wolverine  
okay?



I think so, Inspector.  
His healing factor always  
seems to repair head  
injuries first, so I expect  
we'll get an answer in a  
minute once his mouth  
and vocal cords  
grow back.



My God, would you  
look at him? It's like an  
autopsy in reverse.  
It's really quite  
beautiful, isn't it,  
Charles?

Wolverine, can you hear me?  
Listen carefully, my friend,  
because this is very  
important.

Can you  
open your mind  
and get past all  
your Weapon X  
defenses because  
we need to make  
sure that David is  
completely out of  
your system?



Your  
kid wants  
you dead,  
Charlie.

He wants  
to hurt you  
so bad it  
scared me,  
bub.



**To Be Continued...**